THE JOVIAL CREW.

A

COMIC-OPERA,

As it is Performed at the

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN

COVENT-GARDEN.

DUBLIN:

Printed by SARAH COTTER, in *Skinner-Row*, 1766.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Oldrent's,	Mr. *Sparks.*
Hearty,	Mr. *Beard.*
Springlove,	Mr. *Clarke.*
Randal,	Mr. *Dunſtal.*
Oliver,	Mr. *Dyer.*
Vincent,	Mr. *Mattocks.*
Hilliard,	Mr. *Lowe.*
Juſtice Clack,	Mr. *Shuter.*
Patrico,	Mr. *Marten.*
Martin,	Mr. *R. Smith.*
Sentwell,	Mr. *Gibbs.*
Firſt Beggar-man,	Mr. *Bennet.*
Second Beggar-man,	Mr. *Baker.*
Third Beggar-man,	Mr. *Coſtollo.*
Fourth Beggar-man,	Mr. *Barrington.*
Fifth Beggar-man,	Mr. *Holtom.*
Sixth Beggar-man,	Mr. *Collins.*

WOMEN.

Rachel,	Miſs *Brent.*
Meriel,	Mrs. *Vincent.*
Amie,	Mrs. *Baker.*
Firſt Beggar-woman,	Mrs. *Stephens.*
Second Beggar-woman,	Miſs *Sledge.*
Third Beggar-woman,	Miſs *Mullart.*
Fourth Beggar-woman,	Miſs *Young.*

Dancers, Countrymen, Servants, and Beggars.

SCENE Oldrents' *and Juſtice* Clack's *Houſe and the Country adjacent.*

BRITISH MUSEUM

The

THE JOVIAL CREW.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *A Room in* Oldrent's *Houſe.*

Enter Oldrents *and* Hearty.

Old. IT has indeed, Friend, much afflicted me.

Heart. And very juſtly, let me tell you, Sir, to give Ear and Faith too (by your Leave) to Fortune-tellers! Wizards! and Gypſies.

Old. I have ſince been frighted with it, in a thouſand Dreams.

Heart. I wou'd go drunk a thouſand times to Bed, rather than dream of any of their *Riddlemy Riddlemeries.*

AIR I.

To day let us never be Slaves,
Nor the Fate of To-morrow enquire:
Old Wizards, and Gypſies, are Knaves,
And the Devil, we know is a Lyar.
Then drink off a Bumper whilſt you may,
We'll laugh, and we'll ſing, tho' our Hairs are grey;
He's a Fool, and an Aſs,
That will balk a full Glaſs,
For fear of another Day.

Old. Wou'd I had your merry Heart!

Heart. I thank you, Sir!

Old. I mean the like.

Heart. I wou'd you had! and I ſuch an Eſtate as yours. —Four thouſand Pounds a Year, with ſuch a Heart as mine, would deny Fortune, and all her babbling Sooth-ſayers.

Old. Come, I will ſtrive to think no more on't.

Heart. Will you ride forth for the Air then, and be merry?

Heart. Sack muſt be had in ſundry Places too. For Songs, I am provided.

AIR II.

In Nottinghamſhire,
Let them boaſt of their Beer,
With a Hay-down, down, and a down!
I'll ſing in the Praiſe of good Sack;
Old Sack, and old Sherry,
Will make your Heart merry,
Without e'er a Rag to your Back.
Then caſt away care,
Bid adieu to Deſpair,
With a down, down, down, and a down!
Like Fools, our own Sorrows we make:
In ſpite of dull Thinking,
While Sack we are drinking,
Our Hearts are too buſy to ach.

Enter Springlove, *with Books and Papers and a bunch of Keys. He lays them on a Table.*

Old. Yet here comes one, brings me a ſecond Fear, who has my Care next unto my Children.

Heart. Your Steward, Sir, it ſeems, has Buſineſs with you: I wiſh you would have none with him.

Old. I'll ſoon diſpatch it, and then be for our Journey inſtantly.

Heart. I'll wait your coming down, Sir. [*Exit.*

Old. But, why, *Springlove*, is now this Expedition?

Spr. Sir, 'tis Duty.

Old. Not common among Stewards, I confeſs, to urge in their Accompts before the Day their Lords have limited.

Spr. Sir, your Indulgence, I hope, ſhall ne'er corrupt me—Here, Sir, is the Ballance of the ſeveral Accompts, which ſhews you what remains in Caſh; which added to your former Bank, makes up in all ———

Old. Twelve thouſand and odd Pounds.

Spr.

Spr. Here are the Keys of all: The Cheſts are ſafe in your own Cloſet.

Old. Why in my Cloſet! Is not yours as ſafe?

Spr. O Sir! you know my Suit.

Old. Your Suit! what Suit?

Spr. Touching the Time of Year.

Old. 'Tis well nigh *May*: Why, what of that, *Spring-love?* [*Birds ſing.*

Spr. O Sir! you hear I am call'd!

Old. Are there Delights in Beggary? Or if to take Diverſity of Air, be ſuch a Solace, travel the Kingdom over, and if this yield not Variety enough, try farther (provided your Deportment be genteel) take Horſe, and Man, and Money, you have all, or I'll allow enough.

(*Nightingale, Cuckow, &c. ſings.*

Spr. Oh, how am I confounded! Dear Sir, return me naked to the World, rather than lay thoſe Burdens on me, which would ſtifle me. I muſt abroad, or periſh—Have I your leave, Sir?

Old. I leave you to diſpute it with yourſelf: I have no voice to bid you go or ſtay. [*Exit*

Spr. I am confounded in my Obligations to this good Man.

Enter Randal, *and three or four Servants with Baſkets. The Servants go off.*

Now, Fellows, what News from whence you came?

Rand. The old wonted News, Sir, from your Gueſt-Houſe, the old Barn: They have all pray'd for you, and our Maſter, as their Manner is, from the Teeth outward. Marry? from the Teeth inwards; 'tis enough to ſwallow your Alms, from whence I think, their Prayers ſeldom come.

Spr. Thou'rt old *Randal* ſtill! ever grumbling! but ſtill officious for 'em.

Rand. Yes, hang 'em, they know I love 'em well enough: I have had merry Bouts with ſome of 'em.

AIR II.

And he that will not merry, merry be,
With a pretty Laſs in a Bed?
I wiſh he were laid in our Church yard,
With a Tomb-ſtone over his Head.
He, if he cou'd, to be merry, merry there,

We, to be merry, merry here;
For who does know, where we ſhall go
To be merry another Year,
Brave Boys! to be merry another Year.

Spr. Well, honeſt *Randal!* thus it is——I am for a Journey: I know not how long will be my Abſence. But I will preſently take Order with the Cook and Butler, for my wonted Allowance to the Poor. And I will leave Money with them to manage the Affair till my Re-

Rand. Then up riſe *Randal, Bailey of the Beggars.*
(*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *a Barn.*

The Beggars are diſcover'd in their Poſtures: Then they iſſue forth, and at laſt the Patrico.

Enter Springlove.

All the Beggars. Our Maſter! our Maſter! our ſweet and comfortable Maſter?

Spr. How chear, my Hearts?

1 *Beg.* Moſt crowſe! moſt caperingly! ſhall we dance? ſhall we ſing to welcome our King?

AIR IV.

1 Beg. Wom. *Tho' all are diſcontented grown,*
And fain would change Conditions;
The Courtier envies now the Clown,
The Clowns turn Politicians.
2 Beg. Wom. *Ambition ſtill is void of Wit,*
And makes a woeful Figure:
For none of 'em all e'er envy'd yet,
The Life of a Jovial Beggar.
Chor. *Ambition ſtill,* &c.
3 Beg. Wom. *The Man that hourly wracks his Brain,*
To encreaſe his uſeleſs Store,
Still dreads a Fall, and lives in Pain,
While we can fall no lower.
4 Beg. Wom. *The Dame of rich Attire that brags,*
Wou'd willingly unrig her:
Did ſhe but know the Joys of Rags,
And the Life of a Jovial Beggar.
Chorus of all. *The Dame,* &c.

Spr. What, is he there? that ſolemn old Fellow?

2 *Beg. Man.* O Sir! the rareſt Man of all! He is a Prop'het,

Prophet; ſee how he holds up his prognoſticating Noſe: He is divining now.

Spr. How! a Prophet!

2 *Beg. Man.* Yes, Sir, a cunning Man, and a Fortune-teller. 'Tis thought he was a great Clerk before his Decay; but he is very cloſe, will not tell his Beginning, nor the Fortune he himſelf is fallen from. But he ſerves us for a Clergyman ſtill, and marries us, if need be, after a new Way of his own.

Spr. How long have you had his Company?

2 *Beg. Man.* But lately come among us, but a very ancient Stroler all the Land over; and has travell'd with Gypſies, and is a *Patrico* —— Shall he read your Fortune, Sir?

Spr. If it pleaſe him.

Pat. Lend me your hand, Sir.
By this Palm, I underſtand
Thou art born to Wealth and Land:
And after many a bitter Guſt,
Shall build with thy great Grandſire's Duſt.

Spr. Where ſhall I find it? But come, I'll not trouble my Head with the Search.

2 *Beg. Man.* What ſay you, Sir, to our Crew, are we not well congregated?

Spr. You are a Jovial Crew! the only People whoſe Happineſs I admire.

3 *Beg. Man.* Will you make us happy in ſerving you? Have you any Enemies? Shall we fight under ye? Will you be our Captain?

2 *Beg. Man.* Nay, our King!

3 *Beg. Man.* Command us ſomething, Sir!

Spr. Where's the next Rendezvous?

1 *Beg. Man.* Neither in Village, nor in Town,
But three Miles off, at *Maple-down.*

Spr. At Evening, there I'll viſit you.

1. *Beg. Man.* And there you'll find us frolick.

AIR V.

1 Beg Man. *We'll glad our Hearts with the beſt of our Cheer.*
Our Spirits we'll raiſe with his Honour's ſtrong Beer;
All Strangers to Hope, and regardleſs of Fear,
We'll make this the merrieſt Night of the Year.
Chor. *The Year, we'll make this the merrieſt Night of the Year.*

2 Beg. M. *Nor Sorrow, nor Pain, among ſt us ſhall be found,*
To our Maſter's good Health ſhall the Cup be crown'd,
That long he may live and in Bliſs abound,
Shall be every Man's Wiſh, while the Bowl goes round.
Chor. *Goes round, ſhall be every Man's Wiſh,* &c.
3 Beg. M. *Our Wants we can't help, nor our Poverty cure;*
To morrow mayn't come, of To-night we'll make ſure,
We'll laugh, and lye down, altho' we are poor,
And our Love ſhall remain, tho' the Wolf's at the Door.
Chor. *The Door, and our Love,* &c.
4 Beg. M. *Then briſk, and ſmart, ſhall our mirth go round,*
With antick meaſures we'll beat the Ground,
To pleaſure our Maſter in Duty bound,
We'll dance, 'till we're lame, and drink 'till we're ſound.
Chor. *We're ſound, We'll dance,* &c.
Spr. So, now away! (*Exeunt Beggars.*
They dream of Happineſs that live in State,
But they enjoy it, that obey their Fate. (*Exit.*

SCENE, Oldrents' *Houſe.*

Enter Vincent, Hilliard, Meriel, *and* Rachel.

Hill. I admire the Felicity they take.

Vin. Beggars! they are the only People can boaſt the Benefit of a Free State, in the full Enjoyment of Liberty, Mirth, and Eaſe. Who would have loſt this Sight of their Revels? How think you, Ladies? Are they not the only happy in a Nation?

Mer. Happier than we, I'm ſure, that are pent up, and ty'd by the Noſe to the continual Stream of hot Hoſpitality here in our Father's Houſe, when they have the Air at Pleaſure in all Variety.

AIR VI.

In the charming Month of May,
When the pretty little Birds begin to ſing:
What a ſhame at Home to ſtay,
Nor enjoy the ſmiling Spring,
While the Beggar that looks forlorn,
Tho' ſhe's not ſo nobly born,
With her Rags all patch'd and torn,
While ſhe dances and ſings with the merry Men and Maids,
In her ſmiling Eyes you may trace
And her innocent chearful Face;

Tho' ſhe's poor, may be
More happy than ſhe
That ſighs in her rich Brocades.

Rach. And tho' I know we have merrier Spirits than they, yet to live thus confin'd, ſtifles me.

AIR VII.

See how the Lambs are ſporting!
Hear how the Warblers ſing!
See how the Doves are courting!
All Nature hails the Spring.
Let us embrace the Bleſſing,
Beggars alone are free;
Free from Employment,
There Life is Enjoyment
Beyond expreſſing;
Happy they wander,
And happy ſleep under
The Greenwood Tree.

Hill. Why, Ladies, you have Liberty enough, or may take what you pleaſe.

Mar. Yes, in our Father's Rule and Government, or by his Allowance: What's that to abſolute Freedom? Such as the very Beggars have; to feaſt and revel here to day, and yonder to morrow; next Day, where they pleaſe; and ſo on ſtill, the whole Country or Kingdom over. There's Liberty! the Birds of the Air can take no more.

Rach. And then, at Home here, or whereſoever he comes, our Father is ſo penſive (what muddy Spirits ſo e'er poſſeſſes him, wou'd I cou'd conjure it out) that he makes us ever ſick of his Sadneſs, that were wont to do any thing before him, and he would laugh at us.

Mer. Now he never looks upon us, but with a Sigh, or Tears in his Eyes, tho' we ſimper never ſo demurely. What Tales have been told him of us, or what he ſuſpects, I know not, but I am weary of his Houſe.

Rach. Does he think us wanton, too, becauſe ſometimes we talk as lightly as great Ladies?

AIR VIII.

How ſweet is the Evening Air,
When the Laſſes all prepare,
So trim and ſo clean,
To trip it o'er the Green,
And meet with their Sweet-hearts there!

While

While the pale Town Laſs
Diſguiſes her Face,
To ſqueak at a Maſquerade;
Where the proudeſt Prude
May be ſubdu'd,
And when ſhe cries, You're rude,
You may conclude
She will not die a Maid.

Rach. I can ſwear ſafely for the Virginity of one of us, ſo far as Word and Deed goes.——Marry, Thoughts are free.

Mer. Which is that one of us, I pray? yourſelf or me?

Rach. Good Siſter *Meriel*, Charity begins at Home: But I'll ſwear, I think as charitably of thee, and not only becauſe thou art a Year younger, neither.

Mer. I am beholden to you.—But dear *Rachel*, as the Saying is, a demure Look is no Security for Virtue. But for my Father, I would I knew his Grief, and how to cure him, or that we were where we cou'd not ſee it. It ſpoils our Mirth, and that has been better than his Meat to us.

Vinc. Will you hear our Propoſal, Ladies?

Mer. Pſhah! you would marry us preſently out of his Way, becauſe he has given you a fooliſh kind of Promiſe: But we will ſee him in a better Humour firſt, and as apt to laugh, as we to lye down, I warrant him.

Hill. 'Tis like that Courſe will cure him, would you embrace it.

Rach. We will have him cur'd firſt, I tell you, and you ſhall wait that Seaſon, and our Leiſure.

Mer. I will rather venture my being one of the *Ape-leaders*, than to marry while he is ſo melancholy.

Vinc. We are for any Adventure with you, Ladies.

Rach. And we will put you to't.—Come aſide, *Meriel*. I remember an old Song of my Nurſe's, every Word of which ſhe believed as much as her *Pſalter*, that us'd to make me long, when I was a Girl, to be abroad in a Moon-light Night.

AIR IX.

At Night, by Moon-light, on the Plain,
With Rapture, how I've ſeen,
Attended by her harmleſs Train,
The little Fairy Queen: *Her*

Her midnight Revels *ſweetly keep,*
While Mortals are involv'd in Sleep;
They tript it o'er the Green.
And where they danc'd their chearful Round,
The Morning would diſcloſe,
For where their nimble Feet do bound,
Each Flow'r unbidden grows:
The Daiſy *(fair as Maids in* May)
The Cowſlip, *in his gold Array,*
And Bluſhing Violet *'roſe.*

Mer. Come hither, *Rachel.*

Rach. } Ha, ha, ha!
Mer. }

Vinc. What's the Conceit, I wonder!

Rach. } Ha, ha, ha!
Mer. }

Hill. Some merry one it ſeems, but I'll never pretend to gueſs at a Woman's Mind.

AIR X.

The Mind of a Woman can never be known,
You never can gueſs it aright:
I'll tell you the Reaſon——She knows not her own,
It changes ſo often e'er Night.
'Twou'd puzzle Apollo,
Her Whimſies to follow,
His Oracle *would be a Jeſt;*
She'll frown when ſhe's kind,
Then quickly you'll find,
She'll change with the Wind,
And often abuſes
The Man that ſhe chuſes,
And what ſhe refuſes,
Likes beſt.

Rach. And then, *Meriel,*—Hark again—Ha, ha, ha!

Vinc. How they are taken with it?

Mer. Ha, ha, ha!—Hark again, *Rachel*—I am of the Girl's Mind, who wou'd not take the Man ſhe lik'd beſt, 'till ſhe was ſure he lov'd her well enough to live in a Cottage with her.

Both. Ha, ha, ha!

Vinc. Now, Ladies, is your Project ripe? Poſſeſs us with the Knowledge of it. You know how, and what

we

we have vow'd; to wait upon you, any how, and any whither.

Mer. And you will ſtand to't?

Vinc. Ay, and go to't with you wherever it be.——— What ſay you, are you for a Trip to *Bath*?

Mer. No, no, not 'till the *Doctor* doeſn't know what elſe to do with us.

Vinc. Well, would you be courted to go to *London*!

Rach. Few Country Ladies need be aſk'd twice: But you're a bold Man to propoſe it.

AIR XI.

How few, like you, wou'd dare adviſe,
To truſt the Town's *deluding Arts;*
Where Love, *in daily Ambuſh lies,*
And triumphs over beedleſs Hearts:
How few, like us, wou'd thus deny
T'indulge the tempting dear Delight,
Where daily Pleaſures charm the Eye,
And Joys ſuperior crown the Night.

Hill. In the Name of Wonder, what would you do?

Mer. Pray tell it 'em, Siſter *Rachael.*

Rach. Why, Gentlemen—Ha, ha!—Then thus it is—You ſeem'd e'en now to admire the Felicity of Beggars.

Mer. And have engag'd yourſelves to join with us in any Courſe.

Rach. Will you now with us, and for our Sakes, turn Beggars?

Mer. It is our Reſolution and our Injunction on you.

Rach. But for a time, and a ſhort Progreſs.

Mer. And for a Spring-Trick of Youth, now in the Seaſon.

Vinc. Beggars! what Rogues, are theſe?

Hill. A ſimple Tryal of our Loves and Service!

Rach. Are you reſolv'd upon't? If not, Farewel! We are reſolv'd to take our Courſe.

Mer. Let yours be to keep Council.

Vinc. Stay, ſtay! Beggars! Are we not ſo already?

AIR XII.

Vinc. *We beg but in a higher ſtrain,*
Than ſordid Slaves, who beg for Gain.
Hill. *No paltry Gold, or Gems, we want.*
We beg what you alone can grant. Vinc.

Vinc. *No lofty Titles, no Renown,*
But ſomething greater than a Crown.
Hill. *We beg not Wealth, or Liberty,*
Both. *We beg your humble Slaves to be.*
Vinc. *We beg your ſnowy Hands to kiſs,*
Or Lips, if you'd vouchſafe the Bliſs,
Hill. *And if our faithful Vows, can move,*
(What Gods might envy us) your Love.
Vinc. *The Boon we beg, if you deny,*
Our Fate's decreed, we pine and die.
Hill. *For Life we beg, for Life implore,*
Both. *The pooreſt Wretch can beg no more.*

Rach. That will not ſerve—your Time's not come for that yet. You ſhall beg Victuals firſt.

Vinc. O! I conceive your Begging Progreſs is, to ramble out this Summer among your Father's Tenants.

Mer. No, no, not ſo.

Vinc. Why ſo, we may be a kind of civil Beggars.

Rach. I mean, ſtark, errant, downright Beggars. Ay, without Equivocation, Statute Beggars.

Mer. Couchant, and *Paſſant*, *Guardant*, and *Rampant* Beggars.

Vinc. Current and *Vagrant*.

Hill. Stockant and *Whippant* Beggars.

Vinc. 'Fore Heaven! I think they were in earneſt; for they were always mad.

Hill. And we were madder than they, if we ſhould loſe 'em.

Vinc. 'Tis but a mad Trick of Youth, as they ſay, for the *Spring*, or a ſhort Progreſs; and Mirth may be made out of it if we knew how to carry it.

Rach. Pray, Gentlemen, be ſudden. (*Cuckow without.*) Hark! you hear the Cuckow?

A I R XIII.

Rach. *Abroad we muſt wander to hear the Birds ſing,*
T'enjoy the freſh Air, and the Charms of the Spring.
Mer. *We'll beg for our Bread, then if the Night's raw,*
We'll keep ourſelves warm on a Bed of clean Straw.
Rach. *How bleſt is the Beggar, who takes the freſh Air?*
Mer. *Tho' hard is his Lodging, and coarſe is his Fare.*
Rach. *Confinement is hateful*———
Mer. ———*And Pleaſure deſtroys.*
Both. *'Tis Freedom alone, is the Parent of Joys.*

Enter Springlove.

Vinc. O! here comes *Springlove!* His great Benefactorſhip among the Beggars, might prefer us with Authority, into a ragged Regiment, preſently. Shall I put it to him?

Rach. Take heed what you do! His Greatneſs with my Father will betray us.

Vinc. I will cut his Throat, then———My noble *Springlove!* the great Commander of the *Maunders*, and King of *Canters*: We ſaw the Gratitude of your loyal Subjects, in the large tributary Content they gave you in their Revels.

Spr. Did you ſo, Sir?

Hill. We have ſeen all, with great Delight and Admiration.

Spr. I have ſeen you too, kind of Gentlemen and Ladies, and over-heard you in your ſtrange Deſign, to be Partakers, and Co-Actors too, in thoſe vile Courſes, which you call Delights, ta'en by thoſe deſpicable and abhorred Creatures.

Vinc. Thou art a Deſpiſer, nay a Blaſphemer, againſt the Maker of thoſe happy Creatures.

Rach. He grows zealous in the Cauſe: Sure, he'll beg indeed.

Vinc. Art thou an Hypocrite, then, all this while? only pretending Charity, or uſing it to get a Name and Praiſe unto thyſelf; and not to cheriſh and increaſe thoſe Creatures in their moſt happy way of Living.

Mer. They are more zealous in the Cauſe, than we.

Spr. But are you, Ladies, at Defiance too with Reputation, and the Dignity due to your Father's Houſe, and you?

Rach. Hold thy Peace, good *Springlove*; and tho' you ſeem to diſlike this Diſcourſe, and reprove us for it, do not betray us in it. Your Throat's in Queſtion; I tell you for Good-Will, good *Springlove.*

Spr. I have ſounded your Faith, and am glad to find you all right. And for your Father's Sadneſs, I'll tell you the Cauſe on't; I over-heard it but this Day, in private Diſcourſe with his merry Mate, *Hearty*; he has been told by ſome Wizzard, you both were born to be Beggars!

All. How! how!

Spr

Spr. For which he is ſo tormented in Mind, that he cannot ſleep in Peace, nor look upon you, but with Heart's Grief.

Vinc. This is moſt ſtrange.

Rach. Let him be griev'd then, 'till we are Beggars, we have juſt Reaſon to become ſo now; and what we thought on but in jeſt before, we'll do it in Earneſt now.

Spr. I applaud this Reſolution in you; would have perſuaded it; will be your Servant in't. For, look ye, Ladies; the Sentence of your Fortune does not ſay that you ſhall beg for Need, Hunger, or cold Neceſſity. If therefore you expoſe yourſelves on Pleaſure into it, you ſhall abſolve your Deſtiny, nevertheleſs, and cure your Father's Grief: I am overjoy'd to think on't;—I am prepar'd already for the Adventure, and will with all Conveniencies, furniſh, and ſet you forth; give you Rules, and Directions, how I us'd to accoſt Paſſengers, with a——*Good your good Worſhip! the Gift of one ſmall Penny to a poor Cripple, and even to bliſs, and reſtore it to you in Heaven.*

All. A *Springlove*, a *Springlove!*

Spr. Follow me, Gallants, then, as chearful as——— [*Birds whiſtle without*] We are ſummon'd forth.

All. We follow thee.

AIR XIV.

Mer. *To you, dear Father, and our Home,*
We bid a ſhort Adieu:
The tempting Frolick has o'ercome,
By Force of being New.
But let not that your Patience vex,
For, dear Papa, *you know our Sex.*
With a ſal, la, *&c.*

Rach. *Nor hope, good Sir, to ſpare your Coſt,*
Nor think our Fortune's paid;
No Woman yet was ever loſt,
Tho' ſometimes ſhe's miſ-laid:
For when the Pleaſure turns to Pain,
Be ſure we ſhall come home again.
With a ſal, la, *&c.*

The End of the Firſt Act.

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE *continues.*

Enter Randal, *with a Bag of Money in his Hand.*

Rand. WELL, go thy Ways! If ever any juſt and charitable Steward was commended, ſurely thou ſhalt be at the laſt Quarter-Day. Here's Five and twenty Pounds for this Quarter's *Beggars* Charge: And (if he return not by the End of this Quarter) here's Order to a Friend to ſupply for the next.——If I now ſhould venture for the Commendation of an unjuſt Steward, and turn this Money to my own Uſe? Ha! dear Devil tempt me not! I'll do thee Service in a greater Matter; but to rob the Poor (a poor Trick) every *Church-Warden* can do't.———Now ſomething whiſpers me, that my Maſter, for his Steward's Love, will ſupply the Poor, as I may handle the Matter——then I rob the Steward, if I reſtore him not the Money at his Return.———Away, Temptation! leave me! I'm frail Fleſh, yet I will fight with thee.——But ſay the Steward never return——Oh! But he will return!——perhaps he may not return——Turn from me, Satan! ſtrive not to clog my Conſcience.——I wou'd not have this Weight upon me for all thy Kingdom.

Enter Hearty *ſinging, and* Oldrents.

AIR XV.

Let Pleaſure go round,
Let us laugh and ſing, let us laugh and ſing, Boys!
Let Humour abound,
And Joy fill the Day.
If Sorrow intrude,
Drive it out again, drive it out again, Boys!
If by Griefs we're purſu'd,
Let us drink 'em away;
The Pleaſure of Wine,
Make a Mortal divine.
For get but a Bottle once into your Noddle
No Power, or Art,
Can ſuch Virtue impart,
For raiſing the Spirits, and cheering the Heart.

Remem-

Remember, Sir, your Covenant to be merry.

Old. I ſtrive, you ſee, to be ſo.——But do you ſee your Fellow?

Heart. I never noted him ſo bad before; he neither ſings, nor whiſtles.

Old. Why, how now, *Randal!* Where's *Springlove?*

Rand. Here's his Money, Sir; I pray that I be charg'd with it no longer. The Devil and I have ſtrain'd Courteſie theſe two Hours about it.——I would not be corrupted with the Truſt of more than is my own. Mr. *Steward* gave it me, Sir, to order it for the Beggars: He has made me Steward of the *Barn*, and them; while he is gone, he ſays, a Journey, to ſurvey and meaſure Lands abroad about the Countries; ſome Purchaſe, I think, for your Worſhip.

Old. I know his meaſuring of Land! He's gone his old Way, and let him go——Am not I merry, *Hearty?*

Heart. Yes, but not hearty merry.

Old. The Poor's Charge ſhall be mine: Carry you the Money to one of my Daughters, to keep for *Springlove.*

Rand. I thank your Worſhip. [*Exit.*

Old. He might have ta'en his Leave, tho'.

Heart. I hope he's run away with ſome large Truſt: I never lik'd ſuch demure, down-look'd Fellows.

Old. You are deceiv'd in him.

Heart. If you be not, 'tis well——But this is from the Covenant.

Old. Well, Sir, I will be merry: I'm reſolv'd to force my Spirit only unto Mirth——Shou'd I hear, now my Daughters were miſ-led, or run away, I would not ſend a Sigh to fetch 'em back.

Heart. T'other old Song for that.

AIR XVI.

There was an old Fellow at Waltham-Croſs,
Who merrily ſung when he liv'd by the Loſs,
He cheer'd up his Heart when his Goods went to rack,
With a Hem! *Boys,* Hem! *and a Cup of old Sack.*

Old. Is that the Way on't? Well, it ſhall be mine then.

Enter Randal.

Rand. My Miſtreſſes are both abroad, Sir.

Old. How! ſince when?

Rand. On Foot, Sir, two Hours ſince, with the two Gentlemen their Lovers. Here's a Letter they left with the *Butler*, and there's a Mutt'ring in the Houſe.

Old. I will not read, nor open it, but conceive within myſelf the worſt that can befall them; that they are loſt, and no more mine. Grief ſhall loſe her Name, where I have Being, and Sadneſs from my farthoſt Foot of Land, while I have Life, be baniſh'd.

Heart. What's the Whim now!

Old. My Tenants ſhall ſit rent-free for this Twelvemonth, and all my Servants have their Wages doubled; and ſo ſhall be my Charge in Houſe-keeping: I hope my Friends will find and put me to't.

Heart. For them, I'll be your Undertaker, Sir. But this is over-done! I don't take it.

Old. And for thy News, the Money that thou haſt, is now thy own: I'll make it good to *Springlove*. Be ſad with it, and leave me; for I tell thee I'll purge my Houſe of ſtupid Melancholy.

Rand. I'll be as merry, as the Charge that's under me.

[*A confus'd Noiſe of Singing and Laughing without.*] The Beggars, Sir! d'ye hear them in the Barn?

Old. I'll double their Allowance too; that they may double their Numbers, and encreaſe their Noiſe.

Rand. Now you are ſo nigh, Sir, if you'll look in, I doubt not but you'll find 'em at their high Feaſt already.

Heart. Pray let's ſee 'em, Sir.

Old. With all my Heart. (*Exeunt.*

SCENE *draws, and diſcovers the Beggars.*

Re-enter Oldrents, Hearty, *and* Randal.

All Beg. Bleſs his Worſhip! his good Worſhip! Bleſs his Worſhip!

1 *Beg. Man.* Come, Friends, let's give his Worſhip a Taſte of our Mirth! —— Hem! Let us ſing the Part-Song that I made for you, that which contains all our Characters, I mean thoſe we had in better Times: There is not ſuch a Collection of Oddities, perhaps, in all *Europe*.—— Hem! be ſilent there!

AIR XVII.

1 Beg. Man. *I once was a* Poet, at London,
I keep my Heart ſtill full of Glee;
There's no Man can ſay that I'm undone,
For Begging's *no new Trade to me.*
Tol derol, *&c.*

2 Beg. Man. *I was once an* Attorney *at* Law,
And after, a Knight *of the* Poſt:
Give me a briſk Wench in clean Straw,
And I value not who rules the Roaſt.
Tol derol, *&c.*

3 Beg. Man. *Make room for a* Soldier *in* Buff,
Who valiantly ſtrutted about;
'Till he fancy'd the Peace breaking off,
And then he moſt wiſely——ſold out.
Tol derol, *&c.*

4 Beg. Man. *Here comes a Courtier polite, Sir,*
Who flatter'd my Lord to his Face;
Now Railing is all his Delight, Sir,
Becauſe he miſs'd getting a Place.

5 Beg. Man. *I ſtill am a merry* Gut-Scraper,
My Heart never yet felt a Qualm:
Tho' poor, I can frolick and vapour,
And ſing any Tune, but a Pſalm.
Tol derol, *&c.*

6 Beg. Man. *I was a* Fanatical Preacher,
I turn'd up my Eyes when I pray'd;
But my Hearers had half-ſtarv'd their Teacher,
For they believ'd not one Word that I ſaid.
Tol derol, *&c.*

1 Beg. Man. *Who'er wou'd be merry and free,*
Let him liſt, and from us he may learn;
In Palaces *who ſhall you ſee,*
Half ſo happy as we in a Barn.
Tol derol, *&c.*

A Dance of Beggars.

Old. Good Heaven! how merry they are!

Heart. Be not you ſad at that?

Old. Sad, *Hearty!* no; unleſs it be with Envy at their full Happineſs.——What is an Eſtate of Wealth and Power, balanced with their Freedom?

Heart. I have not ſo much Wealth to weigh me down, nor ſo little, I thank Chance, as to dance naked. All

All Beg. Bleſs his Worſhip! his good Worſhip! Bleſs his Worſhip! (*Exeunt* Beggars.

Heart. How think you, Sir? or what?-or why d'ye think at all, unleſs on *Sack*, or Supper-time? D'ye fall back? D'ye not know the Danger of Relapſes?

Old. Good, *Hearty!* thou miſtak'ſt me: I was thinking upon this *Patrico*, and that he has more Soul than a born Beggar in him.

Heart. Rogue enough though, I warrant him.

Old. Pray forbear that Language.

Heart. Will you then talk of *Sack*, that can drown Sighing? Will you into Supper, and take me there your Gueſt? or muſt I creep into the *Barn* among your welcome one's?

Old. You have rebuk'd me timely, and moſt friendly. [*Exit.*

Heart. Wou'd all were well with him! [*Exit.* Patrico *follows.*

Rand. It is with me.

AIR XVIII.

What, tho' theſe Guineas bright, Sir,
Be heavy in my Bag;
My Heart is ſtill the lighter,
The more my Pockets ſwag:
Let muſty Fools
Find out by Rules,
That Money Sorrow brings;
Yet none can think
How I love their Chink;
Alas, poor Things! [Exit.

SCENE *The Fields.*

Enter Vincent *and* Hilliard *in their Rags.*

Hill. Is this the Life we admired in others, with Envy of their Happineſs?

Vinc. Pray let us make a virtuous Uſe of it, by ſteering our Courſe Homewards.——Before I'll endure ſuch another Night!

Hill. What wou'dſt thou do? I wiſh thy Miſtreſs heard thee!

Vinc. I hope ſhe does not; for I know there's no altering our Courſe before they make the firſt Motion: But 'tis ſtrange we ſhou'd be weary already, and before their ſofter Conſtitution of Fleſh and Blood. *Hill.*

Hill. They are the ſtronger in Will, it ſeems.

AIR XIX.

Tho' Women, 'tis true, are but tender,
Yet Nature does Strength ſupply:
Their Will is too ſtrong to ſurrender,
They're obſtinate ſtill 'till they dye.
In vain you attack 'em with Reaſon,
Your Sorrows you only prolong;
Deſpairing is always High-Treaſon,
No Woman was e'er in the Wrong.
Your only Relief is to bear;
And when you appear content,
Perhaps, in Compaſſion, the Fair
May perſuade herſelf into Conſent.

Enter Springlove.

Spr. How, now, *Comrades!* repining already at your Fulneſs of Liberty? Do you complain of Eaſe?

Vinc. Eaſe, call'ſt thou it! Did'ſt thou ſleep to Night?

Spr. Not ſo well theſe eighteen Months, I ſwear, ſince my laſt Walks.

Hill. Lightning and Tempeſt is out of thy *Littany*. Cou'd not the Thunder wake thee?

Spr. Ha, Ha, Ha!

Vinc. Nor the Noiſe of the Crew in the Quarter by us? Well! never did *Knights-Errant* in all Adventures, merit more of their Ladies, than we *Beggars-Errant*, or *Errant-Beggars*, do of ours.

Spr. The greater will be your Reward, think upon that: And ſhew no manner of Diſtaſte to turn their Hearts from you: You are undone then.

Vinc. Are they ready to appear out of their Pigs Palace of Pleaſure? Are they coming forth?

Spr. I left 'em ready, ſitting on their Pads of Straw, helping to dreſs each others Head; the one's Eyes is t'other's Looking Glaſs; with the prettieſt Coyle they keep to fit their Fancies in the moſt graceful Way of wearing their new Dreſſing that you would admire?

Vinc. I hope we are gracefully ſet out, are we not.

Spr. Indifferent well. But will you fall to Practice? Let me hear how you can Maund when you meet with Paſſengers.

Hill.

Hill. We do not look like Men, I hope, too good to learn.

Spr. Let me inſtruct you, though.

[Spring. *inſtructs them.*

Enter Rachel *and* Meriel *in Rags.*

Rach. Have a care, good *Meriel*; what Hearts or Limbs ſo-ever we have, and tho' never ſo feeble, let us ſet our beſt Faces on't, and laugh our laſt Gaſp out, before we diſcover any Diſlike, or Wearineſs to them. Let us bear it out 'till they complain firſt, and beg to carry us home *a-Pick-a-Pack.*

Mer. I am ſorely tir'd with Hooſing it already, and ſo crampt with our hard Lodging, in the Straw, that———

Rach. Think not on't I am numn'd i'th Shoulders too, a little; and have found the Difference between a hard Floor with a little Straw, and a Down Bed with a Quilt upon't. But no Words, nor a ſower Look, I pry'thee.

Hill. O! here they are! Madam *Few-cloaths*, and my Lady *Bony-rag.*

Vinc. Peace! they ſee us.

Rach. } Ha, ha, ha!
Mer. }

Vinc. We are glad the Object pleaſes you.

Rach. So does the Subject: Now you appear the Glories of the *Spring*, Darlings of *Phœbus*, and the Summer's Heirs.

AIR XX.

Woe betide each tender Fair,
Who now beholds you, muſt adore ye.
Such a Shape and ſuch an Air,
Muſt make each Beauty fall before ye.
Narciſſus' *Fate, and yours were one,*
Cou'd you but your own Charms diſcover,
You'd die, as many a Fop *has done,*
Only of himſelf a Lover.

Hill. } Ha, ha, ha!
Vinc. }

Rach. } Ha, ha, ha! We are glad you're ſo merry!
Mer. }

Vinc. Merry, and luſty too: This Night will we

lye

lye together, as well as the proudeſt Couple in the Barn.

Spr. What! do we come for this? Laugh and lye down when your Bellies are full! Remember, Ladies, you have not begg'd yet to quit your *Deſtiny*: but have liv'd hitherto on my Endeavours —— Who got your Supper, pray, laſt Night, but I? of dainty Trencher-Fees from a Gentleman's Houſe, ſuch as the Serving-men themſelves, ſometimes would have been glad of: And this Morning now, what comfortable Chippings, and ſweet Butter-milk, had you to Breakfaſt!

Rach. Oh! 'twas excellent! I feel it good ſtill, here.

Mer. There was a brown Cruſt amongſt it, that has made my Neck ſo white, methinks! Is it not, *Rachel*?

Rach. Yes, yes, you gave me none on't; you ever covet to have all the Beauty.

AIR XXI.

No Woman her Envy can ſmother,
Tho' never ſo vain of her Charms;
If a Beauty ſhe ſpies in another,
The Pride of her Heart it alarms,
New Conqueſts ſhe ſtill muſt be making.
Or fancies her Power grown leſs:
Her poor little Heart is ſtill aching,
At Sight of another's Succeſs.
But Nature deſign'd,
In love to Mankind,
That different Beauties ſhould move,
Still pleas'd to ordain,
None ever ſhould reign,
Sole Monarch in Empire or Love.
Then learn to be wiſe,
New Triumphs deſpiſe,
And leave to your Neighbours their Due,
If one can't pleaſe,
You'll find by degrees,
You'll not be contented with two.

Vinc. They are pleas'd, and never like to be weary.

Hill. No more muſt we, if we'll be theirs.

Spr. Peace! here comes Paſſengers: forget not your Rules, quickly diſperſe yourſelves, and fall to your Calling. *Exeunt.*

Enter Oliver.

Ol. Let me ſee! here am I ſent by my Father, the worſhipful Juſtice *Clack*, in great Haſte to Mr. *Oldrents*, in ſearch of my Couſin *Amie*, who is run away with *Martin*, my Father's *Clerk*, and *Hearty*'s Nephew, juſt when ſhe ſhould have been coupled to another: My Buſineſs requires Haſte; but my Pleaſure, and all the Search that I intend is, but hovering here, to take a Review of a Brace of the handſomeſt Beggar-Wenches, that ever grac'd Ditch, or Hedg-ſide: I paſt 'em by in Haſte, but ſomething ſo poſſeſſes me, that I muſt—— What the Devil muſt I? —— A Beggar! why, Beggars are Fleſh and Blood, and Rags are no Diſeaſes; and there is more wholſomer Fleſh, under Country Dirt, than City Painting.

Enter Rachel *and* Meriel.

Oh! here they come! they are delicately ſkin'd and limb'd! now they ſpy me.

Rach. Sir, I beſeech you look upon us with the Favour of a Gentleman. We are in a preſent Diſtreſs, and utterly unacquainted in theſe Parts, and therefore forc'd by the Calamity of our Misfortunes, to implore the Courteſy, or rather Charity, of thoſe to whom we are Strangers.

Ol. Very fine, this!

Mer. Be therefore pleas'd, right noble Sir, not only valueing us by our outward Habits, which cannot but appear loathſome or deſpicable unto you, but as we are forlorn Chriſtians, and in that Eſtimation, be compaſſionately mov'd to caſt a Handful or two of your Silver, or a few of your golden Pieces unto us, to furniſh us with Linen, and ſome decent Habiliments.

Ol. They beg in a high Strain! Sure they are mad, or bewitch'd into a Language they underſtand not—— The Spirits of ſome decay'd Gentry talk in 'em, ſure.

Rach. May we expect a gracious Anſwer from you, Sir?

Mer. And that as you can wiſh our Virgin Prayers to be propitious for you.

AIR XXII.

Rach. *O! may your Miſtreſs ne'er deny,*
The Suit, which you ſhall humbly move!

Mer.

Mer. *And may the faireſt Virgins vye,*
And be ambitious of your Love!
Rach. *If Honour lead,*
Mer. *May you ſucceed,*
Rach. *By Love inſpir'd, with Conqueſt crown'd*
Mer. *And when you wed,*
Rach. *Your Bridal Bed*
Both. *With Wealth, and endleſs Joys abound.*

Ol. This exceeds all that ever I heard, and ſtrikes me into Wonder. Pray tell me how long you have been Beggars? or how chanc'd you to be ſo?

Rach. By Influence of our Stars, Sir.

Mer. We were born to no better Fortune.

Ol. How came you to talk, and ſing thus? and ſo much above the Beggars dialect?

Rach. Our Speech came naturally to us; and we ever lov'd to learn by Rote, as well as we cou'd.

Mer. And to be ambitious above the Vulgar, to aſk more than common Alms, whate'er Men pleaſe to give us.

Ol. Sure ſome well-diſpoſed Gentleman, as myſelf, got theſe Wenches. They are too well grown to be my own, and I cannot be inceſtuous with 'em.

Rach. Pray, Sir, your noble Bounty.

Ol. What a tempting Lip that little Rogue moves there! and what an enticing Eye, the other!

AIR XXIII.

To *Rach. Come hither pretty Maid, with a black rolling Eye:*
Aſide. *What a Look was there! does all my Senſes charm.*
To *Mer. Come hither pretty Dear, for I ſwear I long to try*
A little, little Love, which will do thee Child, no harm.
To *Rach.* *That Air, that Grace,*
To *Mer.* *That lovely Milk white Skin!*
To both. *Oh! which ſhall I embrace?*
Oh! where ſhall I begin!
Aſide. *For if I ſtay*
I both of them muſt wooe;
I had better run away,
Than deal at once with two.

What's this a Flea upon thy Boſom?

Mer. Is it not a Straw-colour'd one, Sir?

Ol. O what a provoking Skin is there! That very Touch inflames me.

AIR XXIV.

Rach. *Can nothing, Sir, move you, our Sorrows to mend?*
Have you nothing to give? Have you nothing to lend?
Mer. *You ſee the ſad Fate we poor Damſels endure,*
Can't Charity move you to grant us a Cure?
Rach. *My Heart does ſo heave, I'm afraid it will break!*
Of Victuals we've ſcarce had a Morſel this Week.
Mer. *How hard is your Heart! how unkind is your Eye!*
If nothing can move you, good Sir, to comply.
Both. *How hard is your Heart,* &c.

Rach. Are you mov'd in Charity towards us yet?

Ol. Mov'd! I am mov'd; no Fleſh and Blood more mov'd.

Mer. Then, pray Sir, your Benevolence.

Ol. Benevolence! which ſhall I be benevolent to? or which firſt? I am puzzled in the Choice. Wou'd ſome ſworn Brother of mine were here to draw a Cut with me.

Rach. Sir, noble Sir.

Ol. Firſt let me tell you, Damſels, I am bound by a ſtrong Vow to kiſs all of your Sex I meet this Morning.

Mer. Beggars and all, Sir!

Ol. All, all; let not your Coyneſs croſs a Gentleman's Vow, I beſeech you. [*Kiſſes them both.*

Mer. You'll tell now.

Ol. Tell, quotha! I cou'd tell a thouſand on thoſe Lips, and as many upon thoſe.—What Life-reſtoring Breaths they have! Milk from the *Cow* ſteems not ſo ſweetly.——I muſt lay one of 'em aboard; both, if my Tackling hold.

Rach. } Sir! Sir!
Mer. }

Ol. But how to bargain, now, will be the Doubt: They that beg ſo high, as by the Handfuls, may expect for Price above the Rate of good Men's Wives.

Rach. Now will you, Sir, be pleas'd?

Ol. With all my Heart, Sweet! and I am glad thou know'ſt my Mind.—Here's Twelve-pence for you.

Rach. } We thank you, Sir.
Mer. }

Ol. That's but as Earneſt; I'll jeſt away the reſt with you——Look here! all this——Come, you know my Meaning.

AIR

AIR XXV.

Rach. *Wou'd you hurt a tender Creature,*
Whom your Charity ſhou'd ſave?
Mer. *Is it in your gentle Nature*
Thus to triumph o'er a Slave?
Rach. *Fye, for Shame, Sir!*
Mer. *You're to blame, Sir;*
Can your Worſhip ſtoop ſo low?
Rach. *Tho' you're above me,*
Mer. *'Twill behove me,*
Still to anſwer, No, no, no!
Both. *Still to anſwer, No, no, no.*

Ol. Muſt you be drawn to't? then I'll pull. Come away.

Rach. } Ah! ah!
Mer. }

Enter Springlove, Vincent, *and* Hilliard.

Vinc. Let's beat his Brains out.

Ol. Come, leave your ſqueaking.

Spr. O! do not hurt 'em, Maſter.

Ol. Hurt 'em! I meant 'em but too well——Shall I be ſo prevented?

Spr. They be but young, and ſimple; and if they have offended, let not your Worſhip's own Hands drag 'em to the Law, or carry 'em to Puniſhment: Correct 'em not yourſelf, it is the *Beadle*'s Office.

Ol. D'ye talk! Shag-rag?

Vinc. } Shag-rag.
Hill. }

[*Offer to beat him with their Crutches; he runs off.*

Rach. Look you here, Gentlemen, Six-pence a piece!

Mer. Beſides fair Offers, and large Promiſes. What have you got To-day, Gentlemen!

Vinc. More than (as we are Gentlemen) we wou'd have taken.

Hill. Yet we put it up in your Service.

Rach. } Ha, ha, ha! Switches and Kicks! Ha, ha, ha!
Mer. }

Spr. Talk not here of your Gettings, we muſt quit this Quarter: The eager Gentleman's Repulſe may arm, and return him with Revenge upon us; we muſt therefore leap *Hedge* and *Ditch*, 'till we eſcape out of this

Liberty, to our next Rendezvous, where we ſhall meet the *Crew*, and then, *Hey toſs!* and laugh all Night.

Mer. As we did laſt Night.

Rach. Hold out, *Meriel.*

Mer. Lead on, brave General.

Vinc. What ſhall we do? they are in Heart ſtill: Shall we go on?

Hill. There's no flinching back, you ſee.

Enter Martin *and* Amie, *in poor Habits.*

Spr. Stay, here comes more Paſſengers; ſingle yourſelves again, and fall to your Calling, diſcreetly.

Hill. I'll ſingle no more; if you'll beg in full Cry, I am for you.

Mer. Ay, that will be fine! let's charm all together.

Spr. Stay firſt, and liſten a little.

Mer. Be of good Cheer, Sweetheart, we have eſcap'd hitherto, and I believe that all the Search is now retir'd, and we may ſafely paſs forward.

Am. I ſhould be ſafe with thee. But that's a moſt lying Proverb that ſays, *Where Love is, there is no Lack.* I am faint, and cannot travel further without Meat; and if you lov'd me, you wou'd get me ſome.

Mar. We'll venture at the next Village to call for ſome; the beſt is, we want no Money.

Am. We ſhall be taken then, I fear; I'll rather pine to Death.

AIR XXVI.

The tuneful Lark, who from her Neſt,
Ere yet well fledg'd, is ſtol'n away,
With Care attended and careſs'd,
She ſometimes ſings the live-long Day.
Yet ſtill her native Fields ſhe mourns,
Her Goaler hates, his Kindneſs ſcorns,
For Freedom pants, for Freedom burns.
That darling Freedom once obtain'd,
Unſkill'd, untaught to ſearch for Prey,
She mourns the Liberty ſhe gain'd,
And hungry, pines her Hours away.
Helpleſs, the little Wand'rer flies,
Then homeward turns her longing Eyes,
And warbling out her Grief, ſhe dies.

Mar. Be not ſo fearful; who can know us in theſe clowniſh Habits? *Am.*

Am. Our Cloaths indeed are poor enough to beg with; wou'd I cou'd beg, ſo it were of Strangers that cou'd not know me, rather than buy of thoſe that wou'd betray us.

Mer. And yonder be ſome that can teach us.

Syr. Theſe are the young Couple of run-away Lovers diſguis'd, that the Country is ſo laid for; obſerve, and follow now. Good loving Maeſter and Meeſtreſs, your bleſſed Charity to the Poor, who have no Houſe, nor Home, no Health, no Help, but your ſweet Charity.

Mer. No Bands, or Shirts, to keep us from the Cold.

Hill. No Smocks, or Petticoats to hide our Scratches.

Vinc. No Skin to our Fleſh, nor Fleſh to our Bones, ſhortly.

Rach. No Shoes to our Legs, or Hoſe to our Feet.

AIR XXVII.

Mer. *Oh! turn your Eyes on me, and view my Diſtreſs!*
Did you know my hard Fate, you would pity my Caſe.
Such a kind hearted Gentleman ſure wou'd grant
To a tender young Virgin, what'er ſhe did want.

AIR XXVIII.

Hill. *Oh, hear my Story, gentle Lady;*
I am a wealthy Farmer's Son;
Who once was gay, and rich as may be,
But now by Love I am undone.
Reduc'd to Want and Wretchedneſs,
And ſtarv'd muſt be,
Unleſs you grant to my Diſtreſs
Your Charity.

AIR XXIX.

Vinc. *I like a Gentleman did live;*
I ne'er did beg before;
In all Relief you ſure might give,
That wou'd not make you poor.

AIR XXX.

Rach. *My Daddy is gone to his Grave;*
My Mother lies under a Stone;
And never a Penny I have,
Alas! I am quite undone.
My Lodging is in the cold Air,
And hunger is ſharp, and bites;
A little Sir, good Sir, ſpare,
To keep me warm o' Nights.

Spr. Good worſhipful Maſter and Meeſtreſs——

Mar. Good Friend, forbear, here's no Maſter, nor Meeſtreſs, we are poor Folks; thou ſeeſt no Worſhip upon our Backs, I'm ſure; and for within, we want as much as you, and would as willingly beg, if we knew how as well.

Spr. Alack for Pity! you may have enough; and what I have is yours, if you'll accept it. 'Tis wholeſome Food, from a good Gentleman's Gate——Alas! good Meeſtreſs—much Good do your Heart! How favourly ſhe feeds.

Mar. What, do you mean to poiſon yourſelf?

Am. Do you ſhew Love, in grudging me?

Mar. Nay, if you think it hurts you not, fall too. I'll not beguile you. And here, mine Hoſt, ſomething towards your Reckoning.

Am. This Beggar is an Angel, ſure!

Spr. Nothing by way of Bargain, gentle Maſter; 'tis againſt Order, and will never thrive: But pray, Sir, your Reward in Charity.

Mar. Here then, in Charity——This Fellow wou'd never make a good Clerk.

Spr. What! all this, Maſter?

Am. What is it? Let me ſee it.

Spr. 'Tis a whole ſilver Three-pence, Miſtreſs.

Am. For Shame! ungrateful Miſer.—Here, Friend, a Golden Crown for thee.

Spr. Bountiful Goodneſs! Gold?

Am. I have robb'd thy Partners of their Shares too, there's a Crown more for them.

All. Duly and truly pray for you.

Mar. What have you done? leſs wou'd have ſerv'd; and your Bounty will betray us.

Am. Fy on your wretched Policy!

Spr. No, no, good Maſter; I knew you all this while, and my ſweet Miſtreſs too. And now I'll tell you, the earch is every Way, the Country all laid for you, it's well you ſtaid here. Your Habits, were they but a little nearer our Faſhion wou'd ſecure you with us. But are you married, Maſter and Miſtreſs? Are you join'd in Matrimony? In Heart, I know you are, And I will (if it pleaſe you) for your great Bounty, bring you to a

Curate

Curate that lacks no Licenſe, nor has any Living to loſe, that ſhall put you together.

Mar. Thou art a heavenly Beggar!

Spr. But he is ſo ſcrupulous, and ſeverely preciſe, that unleſs you, Miſtreſs, will affirm that you are with Child by the Gentleman, that you have at leaſt ſlept together, he will not marry you. But if you have lain together, then 'tis a Caſe of Neceſſity, and he holds himſelf bound to do it.

Mar. You may ſay you have.

Am. I would not have it ſo, nor make that Lye againſt myſelf, for all the World.

AIR XXXI.

Is there on Earth a Pleaſure,
Dearer than Virtue's Fame?
In vain's the real Treaſure,
When we have loſt the Name.
Then let each Maid maintain it,
'Twill aſk the niceſt Care;
Once loſt, ſhe'll ne'er regain it.
All, all is then Deſpair.

Spr. That I like well, and her exceedingly. [*Aſide.*

Mar. I'll do that for thee.——thou ſhalt never beg more.

Spr. That cannot be purchas'd ſcarce, for the Price of your Miſtreſs. Will you walk, Maſter?——We uſe no Compliments.

All. Duly and truly pray for you. (*Exeunt.*

SCENE *Oldrents's* Houſe.

Enter Oldrents *and* Hearty.

Heart. Come, come, Sir, this Houſe is grown too melancholy for you, we muſt e'en vary the Scene, and pay a Viſit to your merry Neighbour Juſtice *Clack*; his good Humour will ſtrengthen mine, and help to me drive old Care away.

Old. Good *Hearty* you have kindly undertaken my Cure, and ſhall find me a tractable Patient.

Heart. T'other old Song for that, and then for the Juſtice.

AIR XXXII.

I made love to Kate, *long I ſigh'd for ſhe,*
'Till I heard of late ſhe'd a mind to me.

I met

I met her on the Green in her beſt Array,
So pretty ſhe did ſeem, ſhe ſtole my Heart away;
Oh then we kiſs'd and preſs'd, were we much to blame?
Had you been in my Place, you'd have done the ſame.
As I fonder grew ſhe began to prate,
Quoth ſhe, I'll marry you, if you will marry Kate;
But then I laugh'd and ſwore I lov'd her more than ſo,
For tied each to a Rope's end 'tis tugging too and fro:
Again we kiſs'd and preſs'd, were we much to blame,
Had you been in my Place, you'd have done the ſame.
Then ſhe ſigh'd and ſaid, ſhe was wond'rous ſick,
Dicky Katy *led*, Katy *ſhe led* Dick,
Long we toy'd and play'd, under yonder Oak,
Katy *loſt the Game, though ſhe play'd in joke;*
For there we did alas! what I dare not name,
Had you been in my Place, you'd have done the ſame.
Fal, lal, &c.

The End of the Second Act.

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE *a Wood.*

Enter Amie, Rachel, *and* Meriel.

Am. WELL, Ladies, my Confidence in you, that you are the ſame that you have proteſted yourſelves to be, hath ſo far won upon me, that I confeſs myſelf well affected both to the Mind and Perſon of that *Springlove*; and if he be (as fairly as you pretend) a Gentleman, I ſhall eaſily diſpence with Fortune.

Rach. } He is a Gentleman upon our Honours!
Mer. }

Am. How well that Engagement ſuits your Habits!

Rach. Our Minds and Blood are ſtill the ſame.

Am. I have paſt no Affiance to the other, that ſtole me from my Guardian, and the Match he wou'd have forc'd me to; from which I would have fled with any, or without a Guide. Beſides, to offer to marry me under a Hedge, without a Book or Ring, by the Chaplain of

of the Beggars Regiment, your *Patrico*, only to ſave Charges, was a Piece of Gallantry I ſhall not eaſily excuſe.

Rach. I have not ſeen the Wretch theſe three Hours; whither is he gone?

Am. He told me, to fetch Horſe, and fit Rayment for us, ſo to Poſt me hence; but I think it was to leave me on your Hands.

Mer. He has taken ſome great Diſtaſte ſure, for he is very jealous.

Rach. Ay! didſt thou mark what a wild Look he caſt, when *Springlove* tumbled her, and kiſs'd her on the Straw this Morning?

AIR XXXIII.

Jealouſy, like a Canker-worm,
Nips the tender Flower of Love;
Jealouſy, raging like a Storm,
Prayers can't mollify, Tears can't move.
Love is the Root of Pleaſures and Joys;
Jealouſy all its Fruit deſtroys:
'Tis Love, Love, Jealouſy, Love,
Our Heav'n or Hell ſtill prove.

Enter Springlove, Vincent, *and* Hilliard.

But who comes here?

Spr. O Ladies! you have left as much Mirth as would have filled up a Week of Holidays.

[Spring. *takes* Amie *aſide, and courts her in a genteel way.*

Vinc. I am come about again for the Beggar's Life, now.

Rach. You are! I'm glad on't.

Hill. There is no Life, but it.

Rach. I am glad you are ſo taken with your Calling.

Mer. We are no leſs, I aſſure you; we find the Sweetneſs of it now.

Rach. The Mirth! the Pleaſure! the Delights! No Ladies live ſuch Lives.

AIR XXXIV.

Tho' Ladies look gay, when of Beauty they boaſt,
And Miſers are envy'd when Wealth is encreas'd;
The Vapours oft kill all the Joys of a Toaſt;
And the Miſer's a Wretch, when he pays for the Feaſt.

The

The Pride of the Great, of the Rich, of the Fair,
May Pity beſpeak, but Envy can't move;
My Thoughts are no farther aſpiring,
No more my fond Heart is deſiring,
Than Freedom, Content, and the Man that I love.

Vinc. They will never be weary.

Hill. Whether we ſeem to like, or to diſlike, all's one to them.

Vinc. We muſt do ſomething to be taken by, and diſcover'd, we ſhall never be ourſelves, and get home again elſe.

(Springlove *and* Amie *come to the reſt.*

Spr. I am yours for ever. Well, Ladies, you have miſt rare Sport; theſe Beggars lead ſuch merry Lives, as all the World might envy. But here they come; their Mirth few partake of, tho' their Vocation is in ſome Meaſure practis'd by all Mankind.

Enter all the Beggars.

AIR XXXV.

Hill. *That all Men are Beggars, you plainly may ſee,*
For Beggars there are of every Degree,
Tho' none are ſo bleſt, or ſo happy as we.
Which no body can deny.

Vinc. *The Tradeſman, he begs that his Wares you wou'd buy;*
Then begs you'd believe the Price is not high;
And ſwears 'tis his Trade, when he tells you a Lye.
Which no body can deny.

Hill. *The Lawyer he begs you wou'd give him a Fee,*
Tho' he reads not your Brief, and regards not your Plea;
Then adviſes your Foe how to get a Decree.
Which no body can deny.

Mer. *The Courtier, he begs for a Penſion, a Place,*
A Ribbon, a Title, a Smile from his Grace,
'Tis due to his Merit, is writ in his Face.
Which no body ſhou'd deny.

Rach. *But if by miſhap, he ſhou'd chance to get none,*
He begs you'd believe that the Nation's undone.
There's but one honeſt Man--And himſelf is that One.
Which no body dares deny.

Am. *The fair One, who labours whole Mornings at home,*
New Charms to create, and much Pains to conſume,

Yet

Yet begs you'd believe 'tis her natural Bloom.
Which no body ſhou'd deny.

Hill. *The Lover he begs the dear Nymph to comply,*
She begs he'd be gone; but her languiſhing Eye
Still begs he wou'd ſtay—for a Maid ſhe can't die.
Which none but a Fool wou'd deny.

Enter Patrico.

Pat. Alack and Welladay? this is no Time to ſing, our Quarter is beſet, we are all in the Net; leave off your merry Glee.

Spr. Why, what's the matter?

Within. Bing awaſt, bing-awaſt, the Quear Cove, and the Harman-beck.

Spr. We are beſet indeed! What ſhall we do?

Vinc. I hope we ſhall be taken.

Hill. If the good Hour be come, welcome be the Grace of good *Fortune.*

Enter Sentwell, Conſtable, Watch, *The Crew ſlip away.*

Sent. Beſet the Quarter round; be ſure that none eſcape.

Spr. Bleſſed Maſter, to a many diſtreſſed———

Sent. A many counterfeit Rogues! ſo frolick and ſo lamentable all in a Breath? You were dancing and ſinging but now, incorrigible Vagabonds! If you expect any Mercy, own the Truth; we are come to ſearch for a young Lady, an Heireſs, among you; Where is ſhe? What have you done with her?

Am. Who do you want, Mr. *Sentwell?*

Sent. Precious! How did my Haſte overſee her! O Miſtreſs *Amie*! cou'd I, or your Uncle Juſtice *Clack*, a wiſer Man than I, ever ha' thought to have found you in ſuch Company?

Am. Of me, Sir, and my Company, I have a Story to delight you, which on our March towards your Houſe, I will relate to you.

Sent. And thither will I lead you as my Gueſt,
But to the Law ſurrender all the reſt.
I'll make your Peace.

Am. We muſt fair all alike. [*Exeunt* Sent. *and* Amie.

Hill. Pray how are we to fare.

Rach. That's as you behave. (*Smiling.*

AIR

AIR XXXVI.

Hill. *Sure, by that Smile my Pains are over!*
Rach. *Don't be too ſure.*
Hill. *Wou'd you then kill a faithful Lover?*
Rach. *Wait for your Cure.*
Hill. *Women, regardleſs of our Fate,*
Often prove kind, but kind too late.
Rach. *Women alaſs! too ſoon ſurrender!*
Hill. *That I deny.*
Rach. *Men oft betray a Heart too tender,*
Hill. *Take me and try.*
Rach. *Love is a Tyrant, under whoſe Sway,*
They ſuffer leaſt, who beſt obey.
Both. *Love is,* &c. [Exeunt.

SCENE, *Juſtice* Clack's *Houſe.*

Enter Juſtice Clack, *and* Martin.

Cla. I have forgiven you, provided that my Niece be ſafely taken, and ſo to be brought home ſafely, I ſay; that is to ſay, unſtain'd, unblemiſh'd, undiſhonoured; that is to ſay, with no more Faults, Criminal, or Accuſitive, than thoſe ſhe carried with her.

Mer. Sir I believe———

Cla. Nay, if we both ſpeak together, how ſhall we hear one another? You believe her Virtue is Armour of Proof, without your Council or your Guard, and therefore you left her in the Hands of Rogues and Vagabonds, to make your own Peace with me: You have it, provided, I ſay (as I ſaid before) that ſhe be ſafe; that is to ſay, uncorrupted, undefiled; that is to ſay———as I ſaid before.

Mer. Mine Intent, Sir, and my only way———

Cla. Nay, if we both ſpeak together, how ſhall we hear one another?

Enter Sentwell.

O Maſter *Sentwell!* good News!

Sent. Of beggarly News, the beſt you have heard.

Cla. That is to ſay, you have found my Niece among the Beggars; that is to ſay——

Sent. True, Sir, I found her among them. And they were contriving to act a Play among themſelves, juſt as we ſurpriz'd 'em, and ſpoil'd their Sport.

Cla. A Play! are there Players among 'em. I'll pay them above all the reſt.

Enter

Enter Randal.

Rand. Sir, my Maſter, Mr. *Oldrents*, and his Friend, Mr. *Hearty*, are come to wait upon you, and are impatient to behold the Mirror of Juſtices; and if you come not at once, twice, thrice, he's gone.

Cla. Good Friend, I will ſatisfy your Maſter, without telling him—he has a ſaucy Knave to his Man.

[*Exit* Clack.

Rand. Thank your Worſhip.

Sent. Do you hear, Friend, you ſerve Maſter *Oldrents.*

Rand. I cou'd ha' told you that.

Sent. Your Name is *Randal.*

Rand. Are you ſo wiſe?

Sent. Ay; and the two young Ladies, your Maſter's Daughters, with their Lovers, are hard by, at my Houſe. They directed me to find you, *Randal*, and bring you to 'em.

Rand. Whaw, whaw, whaw, whaw!—why do we not go then?

Sent. But ſecretly; not a Word to any Body, for a Reaſon I'll tell you.

Rand. Mum———

AIR XXXVII.

The greateſt Skill in Life,
For avoiding Noiſe and Strife,
Is to know when a Man ſhou'd be Dumb, dumb, dumb.
When a Knave to gain his End,
Sifts you to betray your Friend,
Let your Anſwer be only, Mum, mum, mum.
Wou'd you try to perſuade
A pretty, pretty Maid,
As ripe as a Peach or a Plumb, Plumb, Plumb?
You've nothing more to do,
But to ſwear you will be true,
And then you may kiſs! but Mum, mum, mum. [Exeunt.

Enter Clack, Oldrents, Henry, Oliver, *and* Martin.

Cla. A-hay! Boy; A-hay! this is right; that is to ſay, as I wou'd have it: that is to ſay,—A-hay! Boys! a-hay! they are as merry without as within. A-hay! Maſter *Oldrents*, and a-hay! Maſter *Hearty!* and a-hay! Son *Oliver!* and a-hay! Clerk *Martin!* the Virtue of your Company turns all to Mirth and Melo-

dy; with a-hay trollolly, lolly, lolly, is't not ſo, Maſter *Hearty*?

AIR XXXVIII.

Heart. *There was a Maid, and ſhe went to the Mill,*
Sing Trolly, lolly, lolly, lolly la.
The Mill turn'd round, but the Maid ſtood ſtill.

Cla. *Oh ho! did ſhe ſo? did ſhe ſo? did ſhe ſo?*

Heart. *The Miller he kiſs'd her, away ſhe went;*
Sing Trolly, &c.
The Maid was well pleas'd and the Miller content.

Cla. *Oh ho! was he ſo,* &c.

Heart. *He danc'd, and he ſung, while the Mill went clack;*
Sing Trolly, &c.
And he cheriſh'd his Heart with a Cup of old Sack;

Cla. *Oh ho! did he ſo,* &c.

Old. Why, thus it ſhould be; now I ſee you are a good Fellow.

Cla. Again, Boys, again; that is to ſay, A-hay, Boys; a-hay!

Old. But is there a Play to be expected and acted by Beggars?

Cla. That is to ſay, by Vagabonds; that is to ſay, by ſtrolling Players; they are upon their Purgation; if they can preſent any thing to pleaſe you, they may eſcape the Law; that is, (a-hay!) if not, to-morrow, Gentlemen, ſhall be acted, Abuſes ſtript and whipt among 'em; with a-hay, Maſter *Hearty*, you are not merry.

Enter Sentwell.

And a-hay! Maſter *Sentwell*, where are your *Dramatis Perſonæ?* your *Prologue?* and your *Actus Primus?* Ha' they've given you the Slip, for fear of the Whip? A-hay!

Sent. A Word aſide, an't pleaſe you.

[Sentwell *takes* Clack *aſide and gives him a Paper.*

Cla. Send 'em in Maſter *Sentwell.* (*Exit* Sent.) Sit, Gentlemen, the Players are ready to enter; and here's a Bill of their Plays; you may take your Choice.

Old. Are they ready for them all in the ſame Cloaths? Read 'em good *Hearty.*

Heart. Firſt, here's *The two loſt Daughters.*

Old. Put me not in mind of the two loſt Daughters, I pr'ythee. What's next?

Heart.

Heart. The Vagrant Steward.

Old. Nor a Vagrant Steward; ſure ſome Abuſe is meant me?

Heart. The Old Squire, and the Fortune-Teller.

Old. That comes nearer me; away with it.

Heart. The Beggar's Prophecy.

Old. All theſe Titles ſerve to one Play of a Story that I know too well, I'll ſee none of them.

Heart. Then here's the *Jovial Crew.*

Old. Ay, that; and let 'em begin. See, a moſt ſolemn Prologue!

Enter a Beggar, for the Prologue.

AIR XXXIX.

Beg. *To Knight, to Squire, and to Genteels here*
We wiſh our Play may with Content appear;
We promiſe you no dainty Wit of Court,
Nor City Pageantry, nor Country Sport;
But a plain Piece of Action, very ſhort and ſweet,
In Story true, you'll know it when you ſee't. [Exit.

Old. True Stories, and true Jeſts, do ſeldom thrive on Stages.

Cla. They are beſt to pleaſe you with this tho', or, a-hay? with a Whip for them to-morrow.

Old. Nay, rather than they ſhall ſuffer, I will be pleas'd, let 'em play their worſt.

Enter Patrico, *with* 1ſt *Beggar, habited like* Oldrents. See our *Patrico* among 'em.

Pat. Your Childrens Fortunes I have told,
Now hear the Reaſon why;
That they ſhall beg, ere they be old,
Is their juſt Deſtiny.
Your Grandfather, by crafty Wile,
An Heir of half his Lands,
By ſhameleſs Fraud did much beguile,
Then left them to your Hands.

1 *Beg.* That was no Fault of mine, nor of my Children.

Old. Doſt note this, *Hearty?*

Heart. You ſaid you wou'd be pleas'd, let 'em play their worſt.

1ſt Beggar *walks ſadly, beats his Breaſt,* &c.]

Enter 2d Beggar, *dreſt like* Hearty, *and ſeems to comfort him.*

Old. It begins my Story, and by the ſame Fortune-teller that told me my Daughters Fortunes, almoſt in the ſame Words; and he ſpeaks in the Play to one that perſonates me, as near as they can ſet him forth.

Cla. How like you it, Sir? You ſeem diſpleas'd; ſhall they be whip'd yet? A-hay! if you ſay the Word.

Old. O! by no means, Sir; I am pleas'd.

2 *Beg.* Sad, for the Words of a baſe Fortune-Teller? Believe him! hang him; I'll truſt none of 'em. They have all Whims, and double Meanings in all they ſay.

Old. Whom does he talk or look like, now?

Heart. It is no matter whom; you are pleas'd, you ſay.

2 *Beg.* Ha' you no Sack i'th' Houſe? Am not I here? And never without a merry old Song.

AIR XL.

Old Sack, and old Songs, and a merry old Crew,
Will fright away Cares, when the Ground looks blue.

And can you think on Gypſy Fortune-tellers?

1 *Beg.* I'll think as little of them as I can.

2 *Beg.* Will you abroad then! But here comes your Steward.

Enter Springlove *as an actor.*

Old. Bleſs me! is not that *Springlove?*

Heart. Is that you, that talks to him; or that Coxcomb, I, do you think? Pray let 'em play their Play; the Juſtice will not hinder 'em, you ſee he's aſleep.

Spr. Here are the Keys of all my Charge, Sir; and my humble ſuit is, that you will be pleas'd to let me walk upon my known Occaſions this Summer.

1 *Beg.* Fie! can'ſt not you leave off thoſe Vagrancies? But I will ſtrive no more to alter Nature. I will not hinder thee, nor bid thee go.

Old. My own Words at his Departure.

Heart. No Matter; pray attend.

1 *Beg.* Come, Friend, I'll take your Council.

[*Exeunt Beggars.*

Spr. I've ſtriven with myſelf, to alter Nature in me
For my good Maſter's Sake, but all in vain;

For

For Beggars (Cuckow-like) fly out again
In their own Notes and Seaſon.

Enter Rachel, Meriel, Vincent, *and* Hilliard.

Rach. Our Father's Sadneſs will not ſuffer us To live in's Houſe.

Mer. And we muſt have a Progreſs.

Vinc. The Aſſurance of your Love hath engaged us.

Hill. We are determin'd to wait on you in any Courſe.

Rach. Suppoſe we'll go a Begging!

Hill. We are for you.

Spr. And that muſt be your Courſe, and ſuddenly, To cure your Father's Sadneſs, who is told It is your Deſtiny, which you may quit, By making it a Trick of Youth, and Wit, I'll ſet you in the Way.

All. But how? but how? [*All talk aſide.*

Old. My Daughters, and their Lovers too! I ſee the Scope of their Deſign, and the whole Driſt of all their Action now, with Joy and Comfort.

Heart. But take no Notice yet; ſee a Whim more of it. But the mad Rogue that acted me, I muſt make drunk, anon.

Spr. Now are you all reſolv'd?

All. Agreed, agreed.

Spr. You beg to abſolve your Fortune, not for Need. [*Exeunt.*

Old. I muſt commend their Act in that; pr'ythee let's call 'em, and end the Matter here. The Purpoſe of their Play is but to work my Friendſhip, or their Peace with me, and they have it.

Heart. But ſee a little more, Sir.

Enter Randal.

Old. My Man *Randal* too! Has he a Part with 'em?

Rand. They were all ſet to Work when they made me a Player! What is that I muſt ſay? And how muſt I act now? Oh! that I muſt be Steward for the Beggars in Maſter Steward's Abſence, and tell my Maſter he's gone to meaſure Land for him to purchaſe.

Old You, Sir, leave the Work, you can do no better, and call the Actors back again to me.

Rand.

Rand. With all my Heart, and glad my Part is ſo ſoon done. (*Exit.*

Enter Patrico.

Pat. Since you will then break off our Play,
Something in Earneſt I muſt ſay;
But let affected Rhiming go;
I'll be no more a *Patrico.*

My Name is *Wrought-on*——Grandſon to that unhappy *Wrought-on*, whom your Grandfather craftily wrought out of his Eſtate, by which all his Poſterity were ſince expos'd to Beggary. (Patrico *takes* Oldrents *aſide.*) I had a Siſter, who among the Race of Beggars was the faireſt; a Gentleman by her, in Heat of Youth, did get a Son, who now muſt call you Father.

Old. Me?

Pat. Yet attend me, Sir; your Bounty then diſpos'd
Your Purſe to her, in which, beſides
Much Money (I conceive by your Neglect)
Was thrown this Jewel: Do you know it?

Old. The Bracelet that my Mother gave me!
Does the young Man live?

Enter Springlove, Vincent, Hilliard, Rachel *and* Meriel.

Pat. Here, with the reſt of your fair Children, Sir.

Old. My Joy begins to be too great within me.
My Bleſſing, and a Welcome to you all;
Be one another's and you all are mine.

Vinc. } We are agreed on that.
Hill. }

Rach. Long ſince; we only ſtaid till you ſhook off your Sadneſs.

Old. Now I can read the Juſtice of my Fate, and yours——

Cla. Ha! Juſtice? Are they handling of Juſtice?

Old. But more applaud great Providence in both.

Cla. Are they jeering of Juſtices? I watch'd for that.

Heart. Ay, ſo methought: no, Sir, the Play is done.

Enter Sentwell, Amie, *and* Oliver.

Sent. See, Sir, your Niece preſented to you.

[Springlove *takes* Amie.

Cla. What, with a Speech by one of the Players? Speak, Sir, and be not daunted, I am favourable.

Spr.

Spr. Then, by your Favour, Sir, this Maiden is my Wife.

Cla. Sure you are out o' your Part! that is to ſay, you muſt begin again.

Spr. She's mine by ſolemn Contract, Sir.

AIR XLI.

Amie. *Alas! Sir, I have prov'd your Clown,*
Ey'd him,
Try'd him,
But muſt own,
So wretched a Mortal ne'er was known;
I had been with him undone.
If I muſt in Bondage be,
To chooſe my Chains at leaſt I'm free;
Since I am willing
To be Billing,
Here's the Man, the Man for me.

Cla. You will not tell me that: Are not you my Niece?

Am. I dare not, Sir, deny't; we are contracted.

Cla. Nay, if we both ſpeak together, how ſhall we hear one another?

Old. Hear me then for all. This Gentleman that ſhall marry your Niece, is my Son, on whom I will ſettle a thouſand Pounds a Year, to make the Match equal.—Do you hear me now?

Cla. Now I do hear you, and muſt hear you; that is to ſay, It is a Match; that is to ſay—as I ſaid before.

Spr. [*To* Oldrents.] Now, on my Duty, Sir, I'll beg no more, but your continual Love, and daily Bleſſing.

Rach. You, Sir, (*to* Oliver) are the Gentleman that wou'd have made Beggar's Sport with us. Two at once.

Mer. Two for a Shilling.

AIR XLII.

Rach. *What haſte you were in to be doing,*
When two at a Time you were wooing;
You Men are ſo keen,
When once you begin,
You fancy you ne'er ſhall have done.
What haſte you were in to be billing,
With two at a Time for a Shilling;

Yet

Yet quickly you'd find
If any prov'd kind;
You'd Work enough meet with One.

Oliv. There are ſome Miſunderſtandings have happened; but, I hope, we are all Friends.

Old. Ay, ay, we are all Friends, and ſhall continue ſo; and to ſhew we are Friends, let us be merry: and to ſhew we are merry, let us have a Song, and afterwards, a Dance.

AIR XLIII.

Hearty, To the Men.

Now then, tell him fairly,
You will love 'em dearly,
May each of them be yearly,
Mother of a Boy.

To the Women.

Ladies fair, adieu t'ye,
Manage well your Beauty,
Keep your Spouſes true t'ye;
Be their only Joy.

To Oldrents.

Come my Lads be merry,
Bring us Sack and Sherry;
Call the Pipe and Tabor;
Now, Sir, cut a Caper:
Here ends all your Labour,
This happy Wedding-Day.
Come my Lads, &c.

A Country Dance.

FINIS.

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